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PIONEER "AMERICANAS"



OR FIRST METHODIST MISSIONARIES
IN THE PHILIPPINES

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ANCHORED BEFORE MANILA.

"We lingered long on deck, watching the circling lights on shore, and wondering what the future had in store for us in this strange land."—Page 12.

Pioneer "Americanas"

Or First Methodist Missionaries

in the Philippines



BY

CORNELIA CHILLSON MOOTS

Missionary for two and a half years
in the Philippines

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1903.

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PREFACE.

Why is this booklet written?

Because the constituency of 156,739 Methodist women of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church are interested in, and ought to know more about the first missionaries they sent to the Philippine Islands.

Because, in the little said about their work in other publications, inaccuracies occur, and we want the record as near correct as possible.

Because it is fitting that one of the party of four composing that missionary group, one who was partaker in the experiences and vicissitudes attending life in the Philippines in the stirring year of 1900, publish the true story of the efforts and works of those Pioneer "Americanas."

As the primary object of our sending was for educational work among the Filipino people, a little space devoted to the status of Education under the Spanish regime is quite appropriate here. The Spanish Government passed educational laws for the Filipino people, meager enough, it is true, but which the ecclesiastical parties in the islands managed to make of still less worth to the people. At the time of American occupation, in the primary schools the chief daily work was the catechism; the only text book for such schools, aside from this, being a wretchedly printed book of 150 pages which was reader, writer, arithmetic, grammar, geography, history of Spain and the world, (most of the world in it being Spain,) and hand book of religious and moral precepts, many, very many pages of it being devoted to the latter; and this was the book prescribed by the government. I have been in several schools where this was used. Not all of this was always used, but the religious portion was never neglected.

To supersede such a system as this, the United States came with her public and high schools. Religious freedom came in with the United States army, and every one is supposed to have the liberty to worship as conscience shall dictate. The American Government superseded the conquering of the islands by the sword by invading with an army of school teachers. Six hundred came on one ship at one time. The Exposition Building in Manila was fitted up for them, and for some weeks they were gathered there and instructions given as to the methods they were to pursue in their vocation. Great stress was laid on

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the admonition, so often repeated that it seemed a command, that they must do nothing to antagonize the people, and this was so pointedly given a turn toward the Roman Catholic church that many of the Protestant teachers were intimidated. I have talked with several such. There were Protestants there who had been active in their home churches who refrained from, or gave up attendance on their own churches through the pressure thus brought to bear upon them.

What of the truckling policy thus pursued?

It has utterly failed to placate the Roman hierarchy, and in a letter written in February last, by Archbishop Harty of Manila, to Governor General Ide and the Philippine Commission, such a threatening attitude against the public schools is taken, that in Governor General Ide's reply the following occurs: "I have not been able to understand the purpose of your remarks on that subject unless they are intended as the opening of a campaign against the public schools." Many other things have transpired showing conclusively that for the protection of our own and for the growth of pure Christianity in the Philippines, Protestants must have their own educational institutions.

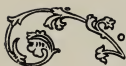
In view of these facts, we cannot help the deep regret that comes when we think of the closing of the first Methodist school, which was more than a tentative effort, and the lapse of near two years before another school under the auspices of the Methodist Church was again opened.

The growth of Protestantism in the Philippines, since American guns opened them up to the entrance of the Bible six years ago, is unparalleled, but, had the Methodist Church put the number of missionaries, and the money she is abundantly able to give, into evangelization, and educational work, our Filipino Christians there now would number many times more than at present. We can help on to greater achievements the 17,000 Filipino Methodists subject to species of persecutions not known in Protestant America.

CORNELIA CHILLSON MOOTS.

Station A., Bay City, Mich.

September, 1906.



Pioneer Americanas"

METHODIST MISSIONARIES
IN THE PHILIPPINES.



The Call. "The time is opportune for beginning our work in the Philippines; and I am here to try to persuade these women to send missionaries, at once, to open a school for high class Filipina girls in Manila. I am now looking for a suitable person to superintend such a mission. Ah, there comes Miss Wisner! She is just the one. I will speak to her immediately."

The Bishop crossed the room and sat down beside a fine appearing, dignified lady who had just entered and seated herself in the audience across the room.

This was part of a conversation held between Bishop J. M. Thoburn and the writer, in Epworth Church, Cleveland, Ohio, during the annual meeting of the Executive Board of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in October of 1899. The close of this meeting found arrangements made for sending out a party of four women, the first Methodist missionaries sent by the church, to land and begin work in the Philippines.

In March of 1899, Bishop Thoburn visited Manila. Even while he was preaching the first sermon given by a Methodist minister in the islands, the guns of contending armies were heard, so near was the firing line to the city.

Soldiers' Institute. Mr. A. W. Prautch, having come as a business man, reached Manila some months before, and was followed by his wife a little later. The ship that brought her over was lighted to its anchorage by the flames of burning Tondo. She had been a missionary in India and carried her missionary spirit wherever she went. Both saw the needs of our soldiers, and her great heart went out in desire for something that might be a haven of rest for our boys when they might be at liberty in the city. Sanctioned by Bishop Thoburn, the Soldier's Institute was opened, and Mrs. Eliza Prautch placed at the head. Here was burden enough for one, but the Chinese, seeing that English must become the language of commerce, wanted a school and Mrs. Prautch to teach it. Hoping that each incoming ship might bring the missionaries to whom the school would be given, she began it. The Bishop was informed that a school already awaited the workers, and hence the sending of our party.

Alas, before we reached there Mrs. Prautch had fallen under the burden, had to leave the islands for health, and the school passed into other hands. Over two years this saintly woman fought the battle between life and death, and then, when homeward bound, between Manila and Japan, her gentle but intrepid spirit entered into life eternal, and her body, as she requested, was committed to the China Sea. No martyr ever more truly gave up his life in the work of the Lord. Ahead of official authority from the Methodist Church, this man and his wife were really preparing the way for those who were to come later.

Personnel of Our Missionary Party.

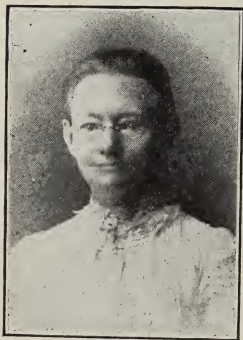


Miss Julia Wisner.

Miss Julia Wisner was a missionary of twelve years' experience in India, having been in charge of our great school in Rangoon. Her intended stay at home of two years, that she might recuperate, was cut short six months by this sudden call to the Philippines. How she needed that other six months in America, to fit her for the ordeal through which she had to pass!

Kindergarten schools were planned for, and

Miss Mary Cody, graduate of the Chicago Kindergarten College, was sent out for the purpose of training Kindergarten teachers.



Mrs. Annie Norton, M. D.

Mrs. Annie Norton, M. D., had served ten years in the Home Mission field in Harwood Home, Albuquerque, N. M. She was the first woman physician in Manila. She spoke Spanish and did good service as interpreter all through those early days of Methodism in Manila.

The writer of this article went out as the fourth member of this party, bearing my own expenses, and sent under the auspices of our Northwestern Branch. Bishop Thoburn had a special work planned for me, but once on the field conditions and circumstances combined to make my work that of a missionary to our, or as I like to say, "My soldier boys." "Mothering the soldier boys" expresses it accurately.



Missionaries and Group of Tagalogs.

Outgoing.

We met first at the Occidental Hotel, San Francisco, where our final hours on shore were spent in finishing details necessary for a long ocean trip. The last key was turned, the last buckle strapped, sea chairs secured, various other purchases made, under Miss Wisner's direction, some things we

Good Bye, America! thought needless, but said nothing, for which we were thankful when, in after days, we found their usefulness in the orient; and on January 24th the hack took us

swiftly to the dock, where we went on board the steamship China. Three times the gong sounded, warning all visitors to go on shore, and after a little more delay, the meaning of which we learned months later, the engines began their work, the China swung out into the channel, tearful friends waved good-byes from the dock, which were returned by passengers on deck, and we moved out of the Golden Gate to follow the setting sun.

As the Philippines had been for over three hundred years under dominion of Spain, it was thought that knowledge of Spanish was necessary for our work. We had procured text books and decided to spend a portion of each day in study.

Studying Spanish. Our class numbered four, all of our party except Dr. Norton, the fourth being Rev. L. P. Davidson, a young Presbyterian missionary, bound for the islands. Our self-

instruction proceeded with great satisfaction to ourselves, and we thought we were making rapid progress. After leaving one of the Chinese ports, we noticed a newly taken on passenger make his way to the vicinity of our class. He stood looking out meditatively over the sea, but really listening to our linguistic efforts. He was a Castilian, and our Spanish was too much for his risibles; his amused expression broadened into an audible smile, polite Spaniard though he was. Spanish is not so necessary as we thought, for in Manila not more than one-sixth of the people, and in the islands at large not more than one-tenth, speak that tongue. For many years missionary effort in those lands must be made through the various native dialects.

At Hong Kong we took passage on the Kasuga Maru, for the last stage of our journey, sixty hours of steaming across the China Sea to Manila. The "Kasuga Maru of the Nippon Kaisha

Hong Kong to Manila. Maru" was the newest then out of the splendid line of steamships running from Seattle via Japan, China, Philippine Islands to Australia. With the exception of the Captain, who was English, and our table waiter, a Chinese, the entire ship's complement were Japanese.

From the Surgeon, who spoke English quite fluently, we sought to learn the meaning of the title, and it was explained

thus: "Nippon means Japan; Yusen, Steamship; Kaisha, Company, and Maru, we get very much, a—a—what is the word I want? vexed." (He meant puzzled). "In trying to explain it to foreigners. It means merchantmen, and more than that, but it does not mean ships for fighting." Thus we came to understand that "Maru" means all kinds of shipping except men-of-war.

We left Hong Kong Friday at five in the afternoon. The irascible China Sea chose to be in the finest mood on this trip, a surprise to our navigators, but which Mr. Graves explained to be on account of his being along. He had been an extensive traveler, and never yet in a storm. We all agreed he was a most desirable Jonah. Subsequent trips to Hong Kong taught us that this body of water is, usually, capable of stirring mankind from his inmost being, but that does not obliterate the pleasure of that first trip.

Sunday morning a dim line to the left appeared on the horizon's rim. We had sighted Luzon, and all day were skirting down its western coast. Emerald gems on the bosom of the deep these islands surely are! Evergreen from water's edge to mountain top, because fresh springing vegetation overtops the old and dying. When the palm rears such majestic fronds high in air, when the bamboo waves aloft such feathery, graceful branches, when the banana spreads broad leaves of green over the unsightly tags of the old; when the mango shades acres of ground with deep glossy green; when hundreds of foliage and flowering, herbaceous and perennial plants spread out their beauties before your eyes, who is going to peep below for the unsightly, the dying?

Cold winter had been left far to the north, and in the thinnest apparel we had prepared for the tropics, all day long we were on deck, feasting our eyes on the panoramic beauty of the islands.

As day closed, the flash from Corrigidor lighthouse shone ahead of us, and when, at half past six, we came out from dinner, we had turned into the channel between Corrigidor Island and the main land, going straight across Manila Bay. Manila Bay toward Manila some thirty miles away.

Soon, in the distance to the right, lights shone out from Cavite, and a little time more a crescent of lights ahead showed us we were in sight of Manila.

A search-light from one of our battle-ships at Cavite streamed over the eight miles of water between, resting on the Kasuga a few moments, and was withdrawn; our speed slackened, soundings were constantly taken, the great engines worked slower, slower—stopped; anchor-chains rumbled as the ponderous irons plunged into the water, and our journey was ended.

We could not land until the morrow, but we lingered long on deck viewing the starry sky, (for never had the heavens seemed so filled with stars), looking at the electric lights circling the shore, and wondering what the future had in store for us in this strange land.

Landing in Manila.

We landed in Manila February 25th, 1900. General Otis had proclaimed the war closed; but there was evidence everywhere that peace did not reign. All the islands were under martial law, with the possible exception of two provinces. **Was the** Assassinations were frequent. American soldiers were **War Over?** continually on guard in every street in Manila, and at night they went two and two together, keeping the middle of the street to escape attacks made from overhanging balconies. Without written permit from the military official, no person was allowed on the streets from half past nine in the evening until five in the morning. For months before and after our arrival, not a church bell (and Manila has many of them) sounded, silenced by American orders because they were used to signal the insurgents.

Outwardly all was calm, but we knew that among that teeming native population, which longed for entire independence, multitudes would gladly have seen the expulsion or slaughter of every foreigner, while the Spanish would not have wept if every American could have been wiped from the face of the earth.

Manila had secret police and detective service, and a place in either was not that of a sinecure. How many plans for uprisings and conspiracies this department may have discovered and prevented may never be known, but enough such knowledge silted out to keep the blood of our little foreign community from stagnation. During the period of one of these expected uprisings, a soldier was detailed to guard our mission home, and the inmates felt more secure, though it is difficult to see how one man with gun and belt full of cartridges could have defended the place had a wild insurgent mob come surging up the street. At another time danger seemed so imminent that all foreigners were armed; the hospital corps of the army also were armed, and all instructed what to do in case the uprising came. Perhaps the preparations averted the calamity.

Like explorers in an unknown land, we entered here to establish a High School for Filipina girls, a mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Who can tell the emotions one experiences, when thus on the borders of the untried?

We quote from Miss Wisner:

"One of the most thrilling moments of my life was when we dropped anchor in Manila Bay the last of February, 1900. Not because it was my first touch with eastern life, for I had been in many other eastern cities, but because it was my first experience of this kind of life under the Stars and Stripes.

"I had lived many years in Burma under the British flag, and now I was to learn what American rule would do for this branch of the Malaysian race in the Philippines.

**Stars and Stripes
in the Orient.**

I half envied those of our party who were approaching these shores for the first time with no experiences of eastern ways and customs. Past experiences were an advantage in many ways, and I did not altogether fail to appreciate the opportunities and privileges of my position.

"We had cabled from Hong Kong to Rev. J. C. Goodrich, of the American Bible Society, and while at breakfast Monday morning he came on board to welcome and assist our party to land."



First Methodist Mission Home and School, Calle Nueva, Ermita, Manila.

Passing through the Custom's House is never an experience one longs for, and the Manila officary in Spanish regime had made it one of the most notorious in the world for **Customs** squeezes, extortions, and dishonest dealings generally. **House.** "Uncle Sam" was ordering affairs now, and speedy arrangements were made for landing. We were Americans. With the exception of Mr. Davidson, who remained behind to attend to the placing of the heavy boxes in cascocs (long flat boats), we were soon seated in a little launch in the midst of our small luggage and speeding toward the shore.

Manila is built on both shores of the Pasig river where it empties into the sea. Ocean ships anchor from one to three miles out from shore, and the river is always uncomfortably full of inter island steamers, launches, cascocs and bancos. In times of typhoons the entire water surface is covered with these craft. All ocean freight is landed in cascocs. Our launch drew up to its landing place just below the Bridge of Spain, where five loaded cascocs lay between us and the shore. Three of these were roofed over with the rounded splint woven roof common there; across the **Over** the **Cascocs.** other two were planks resting on what looked like uncertain foundations. Over all this we must climb or crawl as best we could. We all looked aghast; native bare feet might surmount those slippery roofs; but we, in American shoes! Impossible.

"Before we reached the shore we were conscious that we had reached a somewhat hostile country, even if it was under the U. S. flag, for we heard different points of landing discussed, some as being safer than others on account of the desperate character of the natives. A young officer, more pugilistic than discreet, grasped his pistol and approached the outer **A Safe** **Landing.** rail of the launch, and remarked, "I will take care of these rascals." We presumed he meant the harmless looking Filipinos who were gathered on the wharf, and who were anxious to help us off with our luggage, but who had the reputation of running off with small parcels occasionally."

Protest prevailed; our hatless native captain yielded. The hatless, barefooted wheelsman guided the boat under the bridge and brought us up to a better landing place.

Conspicuous on the dock, we had noticed a light complexioned giant, so he seemed among the natives around him. This was Mr. A. W. Prautch, who had come to assist us to the "Soldier's Institute," where we found shelter until we could secure a house. He selected porters, who soon had our luggage on their backs, marshalled them in front of him; we fell into line and our procession moved off for the short distance to the Institute.

Our way led through the Escolta, Manila's finest business street. Pay day for the army had occurred two days before. No one of us will ever forget the sights and sounds of that hour.

Army The buildings are put on a level with the narrow walk of
Pay Day. the narrow street; whole store-fronts are thrown open to the street during business hours. This is pleasing when it is a fine store, but what had we here? Immediately after turning into the Escolta, confused sounds as of a babel of voices fell upon our ears, sickening odors of beer nauseated us; there was clinking of glasses, and shuffling of unsteady feet. American soldiers in uniform of khaki brown, which is used in lieu of the blue in the tropics, were passing in and out of these open places. Three large blocks of buildings in this short distance were immense saloons filled with little tables, around which were sitting hundreds of our soldiers in all stages of intoxication except that of right down "dead-drunk." Flushed faces, bleared eyes, unsteady hands slopping the beer over themselves and the tables, drooling, driveling American men, and many of them, O so young! All this wide open to the view of every passerby. Was it a wonder that the better class of Spanish and Filipino residents complained that the American government had taken their most beautiful street and made it a place unfit for their wives and daughters to go shopping? Then, loitering around the street, lingering about the open fronts, were natives beholding a spectacle of drunkenness such as they never knew before; and many bright young Filipina girls with baskets of fruit and cakes for sale, subjects of bantering jests and familiarities from the soldiers. No pure American woman could see this without an agony of heart for these young girls in such terrible surroundings, and at this early moment there rolled in upon my soul a sense of the responsibility of the Christian women of America for assisting our brown sisters of these islands.

As we passed the first of these places, Mr. Prautch waved his hand toward the open front, saying: "Here you see one thing America has done for Manila." And it was repeated each pay time. Was the ruling power impotent? Manila was under martial law, and the commanding general could command every soldier, and every moment of that soldier's time.

"As we walked along the narrow streets, the houses did not impress us as very oriental; they rather made us think of a bit of Spain transferred to these isles of the Pacific. The latticed windows with bits of shell instead of glass, the style of building about a court, and right on a line with the street, and no entrance save a huge barn door, containing a small door for convenience." Into such a small door our porters plunged and we followed. Midway the width of the building was a broad

stairway leading to the second floor; there was a large reading room which was turned into an audience room when occasion demanded.

"Mr. Prautch placed at our disposal a large room containing four beds, or sleeping machines, as they are called." The sleep

Sleeping must have been in the machine, for it surely was not in
Machines. the missionaries until exhausted nature compelled somnolence. This affair is an oblong frame with a cane seat and four upright posts to which is fastened a mosquito curtain. When a thick quilt is spread on this frame it makes quite a comfortable bed.



Missionary and Tagalog Servant.

Unexpectedly and prematurely we were inducted into house-keeping. We had been seated in the cool of this pleasant room about five minutes, when Mr. Prautch said,

Premature "Well! ladies, I suppose you are wondering why my
House-Keeping. wife has not come in to welcome you; so I may as well tell you now that she was taken sick and had to leave the islands for a change of climate. She is now in Singapore. But here is the house and servants, and it seems to me you better take turns superintending things until you can do better."

Lil. "The cook was introduced. Whatever his name may have been it was contracted to "Lil" while he served in this house. He was a one-eyed individual who had a sort of cut-throat appearance, and we were told we would find him ready to assist us, but that he did not know much about cooking. We had some funny experiences with this individual. Whenever we would ask him about anything, he would glare at us with that one eye until we were ready to beg his pardon and beat a hasty retreat."

Oriental Kitchen. With a view of surveying the field of such immediate occupation, we went en masse to the kitchen, and as it is typical of that part of the better class of houses, a description will not be amiss. It was not separate, but thrust out from one end of the great building, and had its own separate roof. A masonry platform about three feet wide occupied one entire side of the room. On one end of this a flat dome was built with small opening in front; this was the oven. There were five shallow depressions of varying diameters in the remaining top surfaces.

These were for the pots in which the cooking was done; while the fire would be a few sticks under each kettle. If the half masonry rim did not hold the cooking utensil in place, some bricks or stones would be wedged in until the proper position was secured. The lower part of the platform or masonry affair was rounded into five arches, the depository for wood, kitchen utensils, or whatever might accumulate therein. But what of the smoke? We looked aloft into the unknown blackness, but could not see, in the sooty canopy above, the openings in the roof purposely constructed to allow the escape of the "humo."

We found Lil's knowledge of cooking extremely limited, so that we were obliged to take turns in cooking. But in order to cook we needed, or thought we needed, to find a market where we could get fresh meat and vegetables. We were given rather vague directions about finding one, and after wandering about for a time, came across a poor excuse for a market and, alas, for our ideas of what we must have, found fresh vegetables were limited to gourds, pumpkins, large cucumbers, and a kind of sweet potato. There was no beef nor mutton to be had; chickens and fish could be had occasionally. (This was before the days of cold storage in the islands.) Those in Government service were better off, for they were supplied with fresh meat from the commissariat.

Some months later, with the inrush of American people and goods, conditions for home life became far better. At the time of our entrance into Manila, aside from the families of army officers, wives of four or five Protestant missionaries and workers, I know of only two other American women in the city. Our experiences in some points were such as could not happen to those coming only a short time later.



It takes something to feed an army. These are boxes of canned goods, for which there was no room in any of the larger military warehouses in Manila.

We remained in the Soldier's Institute a few days pending the search for a house. A small flat in the part of the city called Ermita was the first secured, and into this we moved until such a residence could be secured as was suitable for our school. One of the advertised recommendations of this house was an American cook stove. That stove—it never could have been American, and was well burned and rusted out. The first day we secured a Filipino cook and muchacho (house boy).

Trials of Evidently he had never seen a stove before and tried to
Housekeeping. cook as by an open fire, stove doors open and griddles all off; he did not know how to cook, anyway. Two days ended his service, and a Chinese cook and helper followed. He was competent, and a bargain was made for a certain stipend for one month. He served one day and struck for higher wages, so had to go. Miss Cody now went in search of a market in this part of the city, and the rest of us attended to other matters as best we could until two other Filipino servants were found. They proved very good, and a few days moved on quietly, when wandering one morning down in the part of the building designed for the keeping of horses, I discovered a frame like affair of bamboo about ten feet square, on which sat a Filipino woman sewing. This frame was the sleeping place at night, and by day, the mats being rolled up, this bedstead became the living place for their primitive housekeeping. Both our servants were married men; one had two small children, and all had moved

into the shed, later on into the rooms below our living rooms, for in the better class of houses the dwelling place is the second floor.

When you employed a servant you never knew how many that made in addition to the number living in the premises, for it was the custom of the country that servants find there some place for their families and a stopping place for parientes (relatives) who might come into the city to visit them. These details are prosaic, but very real in the missionary's experience. The wealthy few of the Philippines live in mansions of wood and stone; the many millions live in houses of bamboo and nipa; some are comfortable dwellings, but many nothing but a shack structure.

It had been the custom of wealthy land holders when they had a piece of land they did not care to occupy, to rent a spot just large enough to put up a shack, to any poor Filipino who wished to build. These huts were dropped down in the vacant property without any regard to order; banana and other vegetation sprang up, and the place soon became a jungle-like affair, fine material for a conflagration. Manila had many such "barrios." Some idea of the poverty of the people can be gained from the plans Government later had to take to do away with this kind of building in the city, for it is all gone now. As fast as a barrio burned, no other of the sort was allowed built, and gov-



Is This Home, Sweet Home ?

ernment ordered that all remaining must be pulled down by the first of January, 1901. Then they found that to carry out this order 60,000 people would be left shelterless, so they had to recall it and take a slower process to secure the desired end.

By the time determined on for opening our school, a fine house for the purpose was secured a few doors from our little flat.

Miss Wisner and Miss Cody spent much time making calls, and give their experiences as follows:

"We started out to visit the homes of prospective pupils and to find a suitable home for our school. Manila is divided into many districts, and spreads over great distances, so we had often to travel from eight to ten miles to reach the place. Of course, we could not walk these distances in the burning sun and were obliged to employ one of the public conveyances, caromata or quilez (kee-liz). I wish I could adequately describe these vehicles. Both are two-wheeled; the caromata is the more comfortable; it has two seats, one for the driver and one at the back which will accommodate two persons. The quilez is something like an Irish jaunting-car with the two seats facing each other, and is certainly an instrument of torture, for you can sit nowhere, but are knocked about from side to side, and up and down until every bone aches. Another mode of conveyance is the horse car drawn by the most wretched little ponies you can imagine.

"If you had any desire to get anywhere, it was not safe to patronize them. We tried it once, and never reached our destination. These things existed, but the trouble was to secure one when you wanted it. In the first place there was not enough to supply the demand, and secondly, the drivers were not ambitious; they much preferred to sleep in the shade. "We always started early, and then had to stand for an hour or so on some street corner, until we could secure a conveyance. Although these experiences were trying, they had their ludicrous side.

"Imagine the pale, weary 'Americana' waiting for a conveyance of some sort; finally she discovers an empty one coming slowly along, and hope drives all the weariness away; she starts energetically forward and calls to the cochero to stop; but to her amazement he looks indifferently at her, and says, "occupado." You can plainly see it is not occupied, but what of that? The man does not stop, but goes on his way. This happens repeatedly; until you feel that you have already done a day's work. I was once guilty of springing into a quilez in motion, after being treated this way, but I did not accomplish anything, for the pony immediately had a fit of stubbornness, and would not move. The beasts seemed to be trained to sympathize with their masters. How we longed for

Public

Conveyances.

Weary

Americans.

electric cars! "We visited every part of the city many times in our search for a house. What experiences there were! How our American ideas of sanitation were shocked! Even life in India had not prepared me for such utter lack of regard for the laws of health."

Of calls made for the purpose of securing pupils, Miss Wisner says: "Our visits in Spanish, Mestizzo and Filipino homes were most courteously received, and we received many promises of pupils, but soon learned that it is a part of Spanish etiquette never to decline an invitation, but they are not so careful to fulfill their promises."



High Class Filipinas.

Homes of the Wealthy. "Many of the Filipino ladies have charming manners and live in simple elegance; their homes are stately mansions with highly polished mahogany floors in which you can see your shadow. We were often amused at the care taken to keep the floors so highly polished. A servant usually stood at the door with a cloth saturated in oil under each foot, and as you entered he would glide over the floor behind you, removing all traces of your foot-marks. Refreshments were invariably offered us. Often it was "Americano" beer and finest Manila cigars. Our hostess was always surprised when we politely declined the beer, and she was obliged to be content with our accepting aerated water or chocolate. A few pupils came to us as the result of these visits, but for the most part the influence of the friars was too strong, as they could not afford to pay the fees."

Six years have passed since we began that school, which was continued only a little over eight months, and we now know, as some of us believed then, that there was never a more promising field for our school work than the islands were at that time if we had only been in position to make them free; nor was there a more needy place. Earoness von Zedtwitz has lately given to the public her book, "The Double Doctrine of the Church of Rome," and in it speaks of the "separation of morals from religion," characterizing "Esoteric Catholicism." One need not be perspicacious in the Philippines, to be convinced that there is an Esoteric Romanism. Girlhood needed the protection found in Protestant schools, for it was not to be had in an institution of Romanism. Spanish friars were notorious and hated by the people who had suffered through them. They fled from the islands. American priests were introduced, but now late news is that American Roman clergy is being withdrawn and Spanish friars returned.



View of Part of Mission Home and School.

Miss Wisner decided to begin school on the first of May. The following circular issued in Tagalog, Spanish and English had been distributed among people whom we thought might avail themselves of this opportunity:

"The Manila Girl's School.—The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church will open an English school for girls. No. 168 Calle nueva Ermita. May 1st, 1900.

"This school will be in charge of experienced American teachers. The curriculum will be arranged after the best methods employed in the American public schools and will include English, Grammar and Literature, Mathematics, Geography, History, Writing, Drawing and Needle Work. Music, French and Latin will be taught if desired.

A special feature of the school will be the Kindergarten for children from the ages of three to seven. This department will be in the charge of Miss Mary A. Cody, a graduate of the Chicago Kindergarten College.

Terms:

Kindergarten	\$4 50 a month
Primary Grade	5 00 a month
Intermediate Grade	5 00 a month
Middle School	6 00 a month
High School	6 00 a month
Use of piano	2 00 a month
Modern Languages or Latin	4 00 Extra

Day Boarders—Tuition and light luncheon, \$10.00. Resident pupils, \$20.00 to \$40.00 a month.

Resident pupils will furnish their own clothing, table napkins, bed, bedding, soap and towels. Laundry extra.

Holidays—Every Thursday and general holidays.

During May and June, school hours will be from 7:30 to 11 o'clock.

All bills should be paid in advance. No reduction made for absence or holidays.

"MISS JULIA WISNER, Principal."

May 1st the school opened with fifteen pupils, seven of them resident.

American families were now coming to the city on every incoming ship, and they were glad to place their children in such a school, and pay the prices asked. The number of pupils ran up to 45, and there never was a beneficiary, though we often wished funds would allow our taking some of the bright native girls we might have had. Five teachers were employed, three of them being of our missionary band, the other two paid by what returns came from the school.

A kindergarten could have been sustained, but not a training school for teachers. Singapore had such a school urgently needing a training teacher, hence in September Miss Cody was transferred to Singapore and the kindergarten in Manila left to Miss Wisner. She carried on the two lines of school work,

though climate and the responsibilities of her position were telling on her health, until January when she started for Rangoon for a few weeks' rest. The school had not proved self-supporting, English was to be taught by American teachers in the public schools, so then, just when our Christian school ought to have taken firmer hold, as after events proved, orders came from the Official Board to close the school, and Miss Wisner never returned, being transferred to Calcutta, later to Darjeeling, India. Nearly two years passed before another Methodist school was opened, when Miss W. Spaulding was sent out and started a training school. In the interim, Protestants learned that through the public school system, and the sending of so many hundreds of American teachers to the Philippines, nothing is given the people in heart culture. They have learned that for moral help to these people, aside from help toward Christly living, we must look to Protestant missionaries and the Christian people who go to make their home in the islands, and are so well grounded in their faith that no government official, no Jesuitical machinations can intimidate.

Women of Protestant America need to establish every institution possible in those islands to save our Filipina sisters from the superstitions of the Roman Catholic church, and from the immorality of both that church and evil Americans, many of whom are in Government employ.

The departure of Miss Wisner left Dr. Norton at the head of the Mission Home, where her superior business ability carried us through times of stress in which the work done and burdens borne were known best to herself and the Heavenly Father. Aside from the responsibility of the home, she superintended the Epworth League, and a Sunday school, from which classes were formed and meetings held for training teachers. From these classes young men have gone out to preach the gospel to their people, and are thus serving their Master unto this day. Under Dr. Norton's supervision, also, at a later period four and five meetings a week at different points were being held for women and children, when the cholera broke out in the city, and all this was stopped, and day and night her medical skill was in requisition among the poor, sick and dying. Weary and worn, before the horrors of the cholera scourge were fully past (though much abated), she was transferred to one of our large schools in India.

Organizing the Methodist Church.



First Methodist Chapel for English Speaking People in the Philippines.
December, 1901.

Unique in ecclesiastical history is the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the Philippine Islands.

Tuesday, March 6th, 1900, ten American Methodists, including Bishop Thoburn and Dr. (now Bishop) F. W. Warne, met in the Soldier's Institute in Manila for the purpose of formal organization. There were present also five Filipinos, two of whom intended becoming ordained ministers at the earliest possible moment. One, Nicolas Zamora, had been preaching about seven months, though as yet the propaganda of any religion except the Roman Catholic had been permissible in the islands scarce ten months, or since American guns in Dewey's hands opened the way for the Bible and Protestant missionary.

Let the personnel of this meeting go on permanent record. Miss Julia Wisner, superintendent of our Mission band; Mr. and Mrs. Prautch; Rev. J. C. Goodrich, of the American Bible Society, and wife; Chaplain Stewart; Miss Mary Cody and Mrs. Cornelia Moots. Dr. Annie Norton, the other member of our missionary band, was detained at home that morning.

Every one felt that this was the inauguration of a mighty movement for the upbuilding of God's kingdom in these beautiful islands. We were the only occupants of the reading room at this hour; a little company in the center of a room large enough to accommodate 160 people. Bishop Thoburn and Dr. Warne occupied chairs side by side, while we, arranged in something of a semi-circle, sat facing them, our Filipinos seated behind us. The sliding shell windows on opposite sides of the room were rolled back, admitting the morning sunshine and the

breeze that fanned our cheeks and fluttered the leaves of magazines and newspapers then unused on the tables. A few pictures and mottoes hung on the walls. One motto in Spanish especially is yet on Memory's wall: "Salvation cannot be bought; it is the gift of God." This and a few others were especially for the native congregation wont to assemble there Sunday afternoons. Its sentiment, familiar to us, was new and strange to a people who had been taught and compelled to pay, and that heavily, to some priest, for every act or effort or aspiration toward securing eternal life.



First Methodist Native Chapel in Philippines, August, 1900. Pandacan.

Solemnity that comes from the felt present of the Unseen took possession of us as we listened to the reading of the Scripture and voice of prayer from our leaders, and we were carried out into the future away from this little band, and saw great multitudes of these native people whose faces shone with a new light; they had come up from the depths of degradation and superstition where three and a half centuries of friar rule had kept them, and their countenances were illumed with the glory that transfigures the faces of the redeemed.

Was it a vision? Six years have passed, and results confirm us in the belief that it was prevision.

It took but little time to organize into a quarterly conference; then at Bishop Thoburn's request the very first act of business was to license Nicolas Zamora as local preacher and recommend him for admission into the traveling connection and ordination under the missionary rule.

First Quarterly Conference.

Dr. Norton was made Sunday school superintendent and the writer appointed class leader. A board of trustees was elected, of which Rev. J. C. Goodrich was secretary.

By reference to the "Bishop's Itinerary," Bishop Thoburn saw that the Southwest Kansas conference was in session in Chanute, presided over by Bishop Vincent. The Philippine Islands were recognized as a portion of Malaysia, and as such were part of Bishop Thoburn's mission field; but there **A Difficulty** was no conference in the Philippines as yet, and the **Overcome.** Malaysia conference had just closed; further steps in the advancement of Nicolas seemed stopped for a year; but here was a way out; and the wings of the lightning could be harnessed. Throbbing under the ocean and flying over the plains of the United States went the cable message to Bishop Vincent.

"Admit Nicolas Zamora probation; elect deacon's orders under missionary rule; transfer to Malaysia.

Signed, "THOBURN."

The next morning the answer came back:

"Zamora admitted, elected, transferred."

It may be of interest to know that this cable message cost a little more than sixty-seven dollars.

What was the effect in the Kansas conference? From a member present at that time we learn that in the routine of prosaic business, this message from the other side of the world was read. All were touched and thrilled as by an electric shock. After a moment's tense stillness, one of the members arose and said that whatever Bishop Thoburn requested must be right, and this message from over the seas ought to be granted. The necessary motions were made and carried with great enthusiasm. This conference has ever since felt peculiarly linked with the Philippine native Methodist church.

In the afternoon of the same day of the reception of this cable message, at the Institute, in the presence of his wife, parents and friends. Dr. Annie Norton acting as **Nicholas Zamora** interpreter, Bishop Thoburn ordained **Ordnained.** Nicholas Zamora deacon in the Methodist church. His father was so overjoyed that he threw his arms around the Bishop and "hugged him with great vigor."

In this land of religious freedom we cannot realize that father's feelings at that moment. Paulino Zamora had been banished from his home and family to a barren island in the Mediterranean for several years simply because he had and would believe in the Bible, a copy of which had been given him by a ship captain some sixteen years prior. Through the friars he was sent out from his native land and returned only when the Americans came in. Now he saw his son a preacher of the

Protestant faith and legally protected in that vocation. Paulino Zamora has since died, his health having been ruined by the privations in exile.



Eighteenth Methodist Chapel in Philippines, August, 1902. Malolos.

Peculiar Legislation. Our leaders thus establishing our church in the Philippines were on their way to General Conference, and had just come from the Malaysia conference held in Singapore. They knew the state of affairs in the islands enough to be satisfied at the steps taken there in that session of 1900. When the minutes of that conference appeared, this peculiar legislation was recorded. We quote from "Malaysia Missions," by Rev. J. R. Denys:

"In the appointments of Malaysia Conference of 1900, we find what probably has no parallel in the history of Methodism. We read 'Philippine Islands District, Presiding Elder, to be supplied; Manila English Church, to be supplied; Spanish work, to be supplied; Educational work, to be supplied; Soldier's and Seamen's Institute, Mrs. A. E. Prautch; Iloilo, to be supplied.' The marvelous story of the development of this presiding elder's district which had no presiding elder, no preachers, and no church organization, is what we purpose giving in this little volume.

During the very hours of that peculiar legislation, Miss Wisner, superintendent of our mission band and of the Educational work, Dr. Annie Norton, head of our Spanish and medical work, Miss Cody and myself were in all the perplexities incident to

entering and getting settled in a strange and hostile land. Methodism's first contingent in the Philippines were women who were not only to occupy until the General Society should send their workers, but to make the way easier for all who might follow.

The first representative of the General Missionary Society to arrive was Rev. Thomas Martin, March 26th, and as pastor of the English church preached his first sermon April 1st. In the middle of May came Rev. J. L. McLaughlin and wife. He became our first presiding elder.

First Representative General Missionary Society.

The week Bishop Thoburn spent in Manila was filled with history-making for Protestantism. Dr. Warne remained to aid us in our plans for a school, and to help the little church to stronger standing. When, three weeks later, he hastened on his way to General Conference, he left the American church in Manila with fifty members and in good working order. Anomalous problems met this little church, and there were serious financial conditions. We have no desire to repeat some of those experiences. These things weighed heavily upon Miss Wisner.

Serious Problems.

Before leaving the home land, a friend placed in my hands one hundred dollars to be used in the mission when especial need might come. No one of our party knew about it, and when a time of financial strait occurred, I placed in her hands the entire amount. The overwhelming relief that came to her face and rang in her words I shall never forget. She was glad to shift the great church responsibility to the shoulders of a presiding elder at the very earliest moment.

In this incipient stage of church affairs, officers were more plentiful than candidates, hence some had the honor of two offices. The first Sunday School was in Spanish with Dr. Norton as superintendent; she also organized the first Epworth League in the islands; it was among the natives. Bishop Warne, on visiting this League a few months later, was astonished at the depth of understanding and spiritual power of its members.

First Methodist League and Sunday School.

My class was organized by Dr. (Bishop) Warne March 18th, with eight members. Class meeting was held before morning service and was attended by many soldiers; therefore mention of this work comes under the head of work among soldiers. Mrs. Mehrling was the only lady in this list of eight composing the first Methodist class in the Philippines. She was the wife of an army officer.

First Class.

There were very few American women in the islands at this time. Outside of missionary circles, families of army officers, and nurses in the military hospitals, I know of only two American women in Manila. Civilians did not begin to come,

except an occasional one, for some months later when the wrecks of war were more cleared away. A few business men were there preparing homes to which their families came later. Whatever was done in social lines brought more labor to the few.

In our Sabbath services the audience room would be filled, from 50 to 175 often being present; of these perhaps 10 would be ladies, a dozen civilians and the rest soldiers.

To make things a little more like the home church for these boys as well as for ourselves, we wished to arrange the reading room, which was also our church audience room, a little differently for Sundays. A committee of our mission

Making Things Home Like.

ladies was appointed for the effort. European goods of the better quality had not yet been brought in by Manila merchants. There was an abundance of cheap, gaudy trash, any amount of native manufactures in the Filipino shops, fine displays of oriental bric-a-brac from China and Japan, but for first-class European goods as yet there seemed no place. One going through the better stores on the Escolta a year later than this could not have realized the utter lack of better material that characterized the mercantile business of Manila in 1900.

Our committee made a choice of necessity, and hung against the chosen place on the reading room wall a drapery, secured a pulpit, and carried out other plans for making the audience room more church-like, and these were properly arranged ready for service as the Sabbaths came. After a few months we changed to the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, where we remained until our own little chapel was built, and when this was dedicated we felt that we now had a permanent home for American Methodists.

Another perplexity came when we wished to observe the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. There were not the fruits we had used at home, and fermented wines we would not use. It was one of the ladies of our mission band that devised the way of securing a suitable emblem. Later, when in our American congregation individual communion cups were demanded, the Chino merchant had a good substitute for the expensive but there unobtainable individual communion service, in the form of tiny bowls, each holding about a desert-spoonful. In those pioneer days there were more opportunities to adapt ones self to primitive life than to become enervated by the luxuries of super civilization.

In the first week of the month of August, Bishop Warne returned, and in our Mission home in Ermita, Monday, 20th inst., the first District Conference was convened; the Bishop presiding, Miss Coŷy acting as secretary.

Eight of us had been requested to prepare papers on the lines of our respective work. Presiding Elder J. L. McLaughlin

read his report. Mr. Hearne, superintendent of the Y. M. C. A. for the Philippines, read a paper on that work. Miss Wisner took up the subject of education; Dr. Norton gave something on the double lines of her effort, Spanish and medical, and my paper was an epitome of five months visiting in hospitals and evangelistic work among soldiers.

As we sat there in which for that land was our beautiful home, and looked out on the waters of the sea glinting through the tropic green in the interspaces of the houses between us and the shore, and listened to the papers read that day, I believe every heart went out in almost agonizing prayer that Christians living so at ease in the faraway home land, might be burdened by the opportunities and responsibilities we felt ourselves weighted down with in these deep sea islands.

At Pandacan a Sunday School was organized and placed under charge of Miss Wisner. To reach it required a ride in caromata of about two and a half miles. There leaving the outfit in care of the cochero, the missionaries took passage in a small boat which bamboo outriggers kept from upsetting, crossed a swift but narrow river and walked some distance

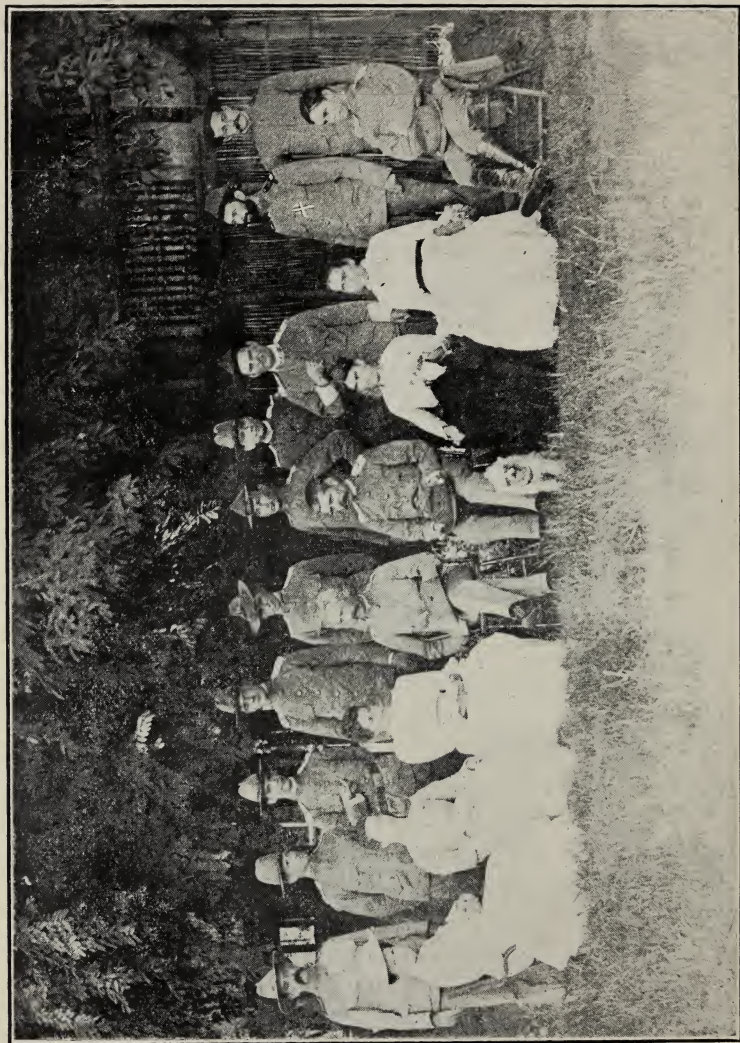
Going to to the little Chapel where the Sunday School convened. * We visited this school once. The little **Sunday School.** banco in which we crossed the river was roofed over with woven bamboo and so low we were obliged to creep in. The passengers in this ferry had no choice of location. Two Filipinos, each with a fighting rooster under his arm, were ahead of us, so we had to creep in behind them, while other natives followed us until the boat would hold no more. Safely over, we sought the chapel, while the other passengers hastened away to the cock-pit, for the one at Pandacan was one of the most celebrated, we might better say notorious, of them all. The great crowd was over to the pit, but the little crowd we met in the chapel and their eagerness to learn from the Bible strengthened our faith and hope for the future of these people.

Another Sunday School placed in care of our workers was at the north end of the city on the seashore, and among the poor fisher-folk. How these poor fishermen labored and gave from their penury to build a little chapel and maintain religious service! To reach this school required a long ride through the dense part of the city, then through sand and rock of the seashore. But the people were there, not the rich, but such of whom it was written many hundred years ago when one said, "The common people heard him gladly."

First The first Methodist Love Feast held in the Philippine Islands was held in the Soldier's Institute, March 17th, 1901. This was held in commemoration of the organization of the first Methodist class just one year earlier. **Love Feast.**

+ Mrs. Pursell.

+ Capt. Pursell.



Officers of 22nd Infantry at San Isidro, Three Officers' Wives and Two Missionaries.

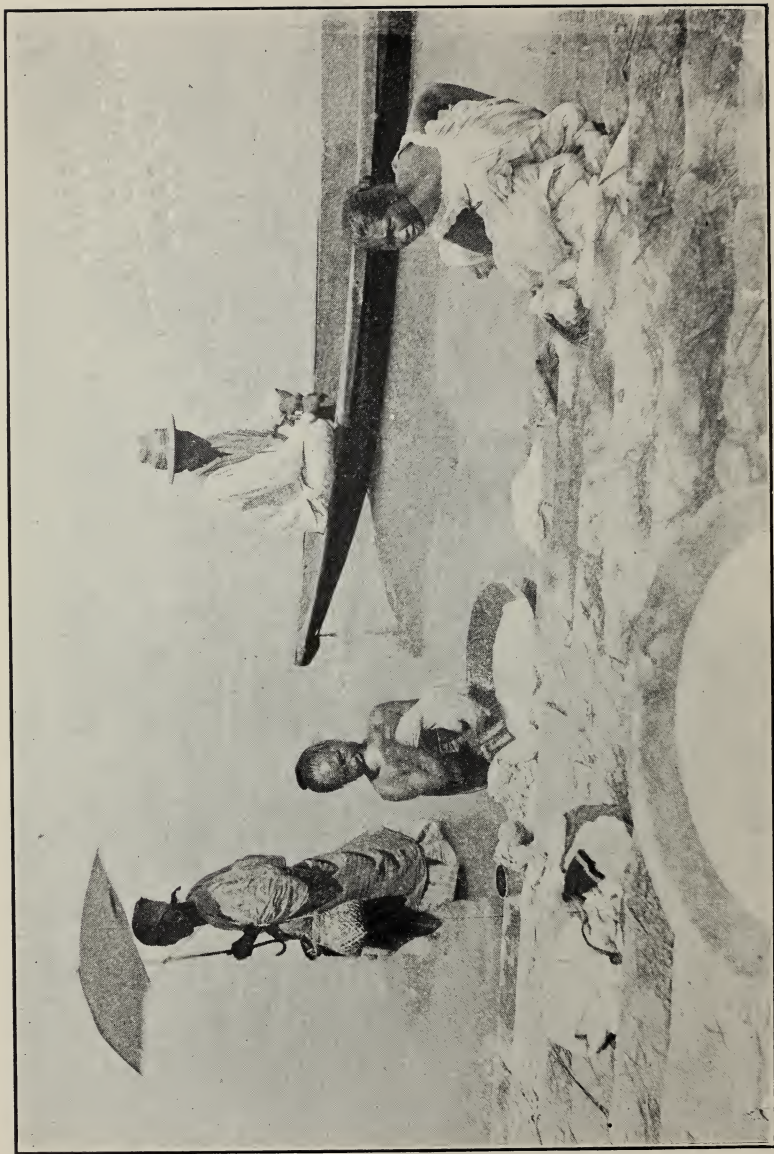
First Gospel Work in the Province of Nueva Ecija.

For persistent insurrection, atrocious murders and dreadful crimes, two provinces in the island of Luzon stood pre-eminent. Cavite ranked first, Nueva Ecija, of which San Isidro is capital, second. The 22nd regiment U. S. Infantry, making San Isidro headquarters, had been stationed in this province most of the time for two years. In July, 1901, three companies of this regiment, and Lieut. Shelden's famous scouts, about 400 troops in all, were located in San Isidro, while a company each occupied several adjacent towns, or barrios. In San Isidro was a prison where at th's time over 400 insurrectos were incarcerated; also a large hospital. Outside patrol lines, no foreigner unaccompanied by an armed guard was safe in all that region. One of the medical staff of this hospital was Capt. F. Pursell, M. D. He and his wife, both devoted Christians, as soon as they were settled in their home here, which must have been about May, 1901, organized a Bible class among the soldiers, having them meet in their house. This was the first Protestant work ever done in all that province. This touched only the American soldiers. It was a brave thing for the captain to do, for the gulf separating officers and privates in the army is such as the civilian in private life never imagines.

Two years and a half spent in gospel work among our soldier boys only deepens the first convictions, that the trend



W. C. T. U. Headquarters, Manila.
Mrs. Carrie Faxon, Commissioner, in calesine in front.



Washing by the Riverside.

of military life is toward developing all that is domineering and tyrannical in officers, and grinding out all manhood in the private soldiers, that it is made easy for the soldier to become dissipated and immoral, hard, exceedingly hard, for him to live a Christian, a temperate or even a moral life. Any officer who attempts to work actively along Christian lines for the salvation of the soldier from these evils, finds his plans antagonized, his efforts thwarted, and his life made miserable by other ungodly officers. Chaplains especially have been made to feel this. When the Anti-Canteen Law was passed, the hatred of the bibulous part of the army to everything that savored of temperance was most outspoken and active. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union received its share of dislike, and the really temperance boys among the private soldiers were made to feel that they were obnoxious. Bishop Warne tried in vain to inaugurate that form of temperance work that has proved so successful in the English army, and though he had the sanction and assistance of the Governor General of the islands, he could not find a Chaplain brave enough to lead in the movement. Woman's work in temperance was crippled from that time.



Lieut. Gregg, Mrs. and Capt. Pursell.

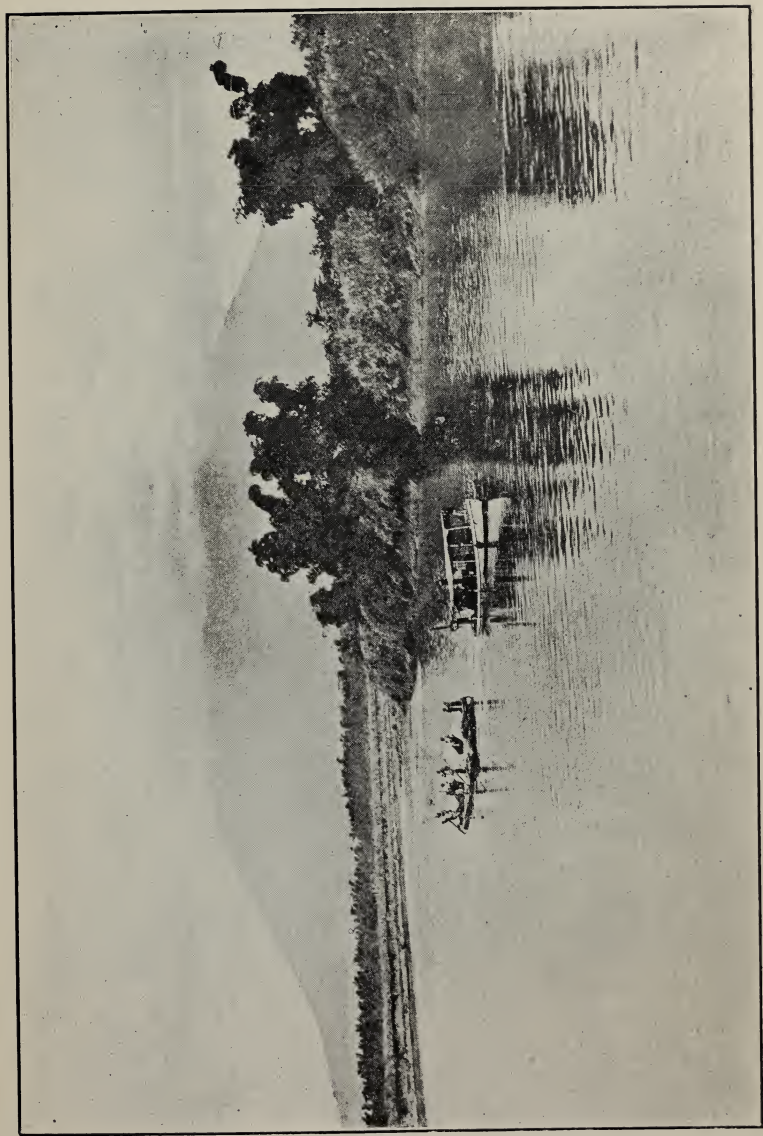
In the summer of 1901, Captain and Mrs. Pursell kindly invited a member of Penial mission and myself to their home for rest and a visit. After the usual "mannana" (delay) of cochero and caromata, we reached the station just in time to rush through the gate to the train, on the morning of July 8. Our route was up the railroad about 30 miles, then up the Rio Grande de la Pampanga by government boat if possible. Our instructions from Capt. Pursell were: "At Calumpit find Lieut. Page, who is in command there, and see what he can do toward getting you up the river."

At Calumpit, leaving my young traveling companion at the station in charge of our luggage, I went in search of the commanding officer. Guided by "Old Glory" floating from a tall flag-staff beside a new nipa house, I crossed a bamboo walk built over a broad but shallow gully, and approached this rather unpretending military headquarters. Lieut. Page being in Manila, the second officer in command gave me this order: "Go to Mr. Stone" (I found that in military address a Lieutenant is called Mr. instead of using the title as with other officers), "who has command of the gun boat Napindan, which you will find there" (pointing toward the place) "moored to the dock at the end of the railroad bridge; go down that stone stairway leading down the embankment." He added, "You better see Mr. Stone before having your luggage carried to the dock."

I found Lieut. Stone most courteous and affable. Returning to the station, one of the soldiers there secured the services of two or three Filipino boys, who shouldered our luggage, and we formed quite a little procession to the boat. Seated most comfortably in the prow of the "Napindan" behind two gatling guns that had been used not many months prior, in clearing either shore of this beautiful river of insurgents, we had one of the most delightful boat rides of a lifetime.

The Rio Grande, like all Philippine rivers, rises in the mountains forming the backbone of Luzon, and tears its way precipitately to the sea. The sinuous, tortuous windings of such torrential streams can be realized only by one who has navigated their waters, or followed their banks.

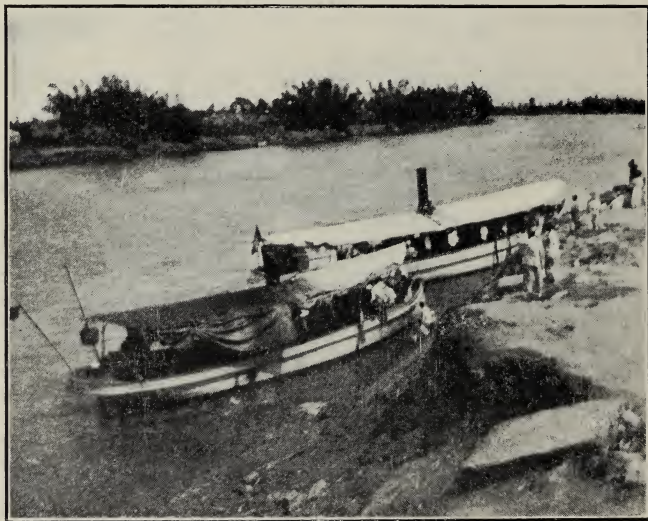
The most prominent feature of the landscape of all that region, for a hundred or more square miles, is a beautiful dome-shaped mountain called Mt. Aryat, that stands now clear-cut against the southern sky, again hooded with fleecy mists, then a necklace of white feathery clouds leaves its summit above and its green expanding skirts spreading out below over the plain. As the Napindan sped on up the river, this mountain was in front, now at the right hand, then at the left, again directly behind us, so great was the sinuosity of the river. And then, the scenery along the way! Groves of palm, thickets of bamboo, clusters of bananas, and the picturesque houses; natives



On the Rio Grande. Mt. Ararat,

fitting here and there, the bright colors of their clothing showing in glints amid the growth of green; here high embankments, there plains of grass so tall that a horse and his rider would be hidden by it; bancos, cascós rushing down stream, occasionally a tiny steamer or native boat laboriously stemming the current. This was the year when the locusts came in myriads; sometimes the air seemed filled with these enormous grasshopper insects; they flew over in clouds, and gathered in clusters on the sides of the high banks where the natives gathered them by bushels, drying them for future food. It gave one a vivid realization of the "locusts and wild honey" spoken of in the Bible, only the honey was lacking. Large baskets of the dried locusts were in the markets of Manila, as well as the smaller towns, but I never brought myself to the point of testing their epicurean virtues.

The rainy season was not far enough advanced to make the river navigable to our destination for the Napindan. At Candaba the gun boat drew up beside the steep clay bank and we changed to the native steamer, a mite of a boat.



Native Steamers on the Rio Grande.

There was not room enough in the prow of this minute affair for the missionaries and their luggage to occupy separate space, amid the dusky passengers. Placing our luggage on the narrow bench, we rather uncertainly perched upon it, made our

journey as far as the town of Aryat. Not a white woman was in this town. It was mid-afternoon. No boat could go farther up the river, and San Isidro was 15 miles away, the intervening road most dangerous for attacks from lurking ladrones. Following instructions, we made our way to military headquarters. Here we found Lieuts. Huget and Bell, who kindly offered to send the light wagon with us to San Isidro, and telegraphed ahead our



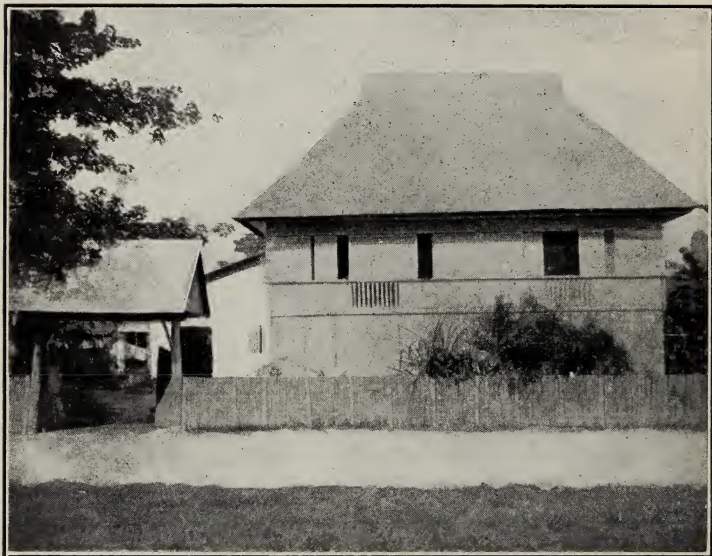
"That Light Wagon!"

departure for that place. Soon the "light wagon" was at the door. Light for military purposes, and the roads over which it was to go. It was like a heavy-built farm wagon, with four of the largest kind of mules harnessed to it. The driver was well-armed with revolver, and a stalwart soldier sat beside him wearing a belt filled with cartridges and the gun Uncle Sam had furnished him, at his hand all the way. We began, truly, to feel that we were in a land of war. Out through the town we drove, down the embankment to a new ferry boat made by our military engineers; crossed the stream, and were whirled along the road made by our army for better transportation of military supplies.

Squads of prisoners were working at repairs along the highway, but there remained some places that tested the strength of our double team. There were fine places for ambush, also, and

the post was pointed out where a few months before Sergt. Ray was attacked by five Filipinos armed with bolos; was cut and slashed, one arm struck off, and his life only saved because the sound of wheels of an approaching army wagon scattered his foes.

At seven o'clock we turned the corner of a street leading into San Isidro and drew up before a house from which a flood of light streamed out into the darkness. We saw Captain Pursell and his wife standing in the open window and were welcomed to their home and the dinner kept waiting for our arrival.



Home of Capt. Pursell, M. D., San Isidro.

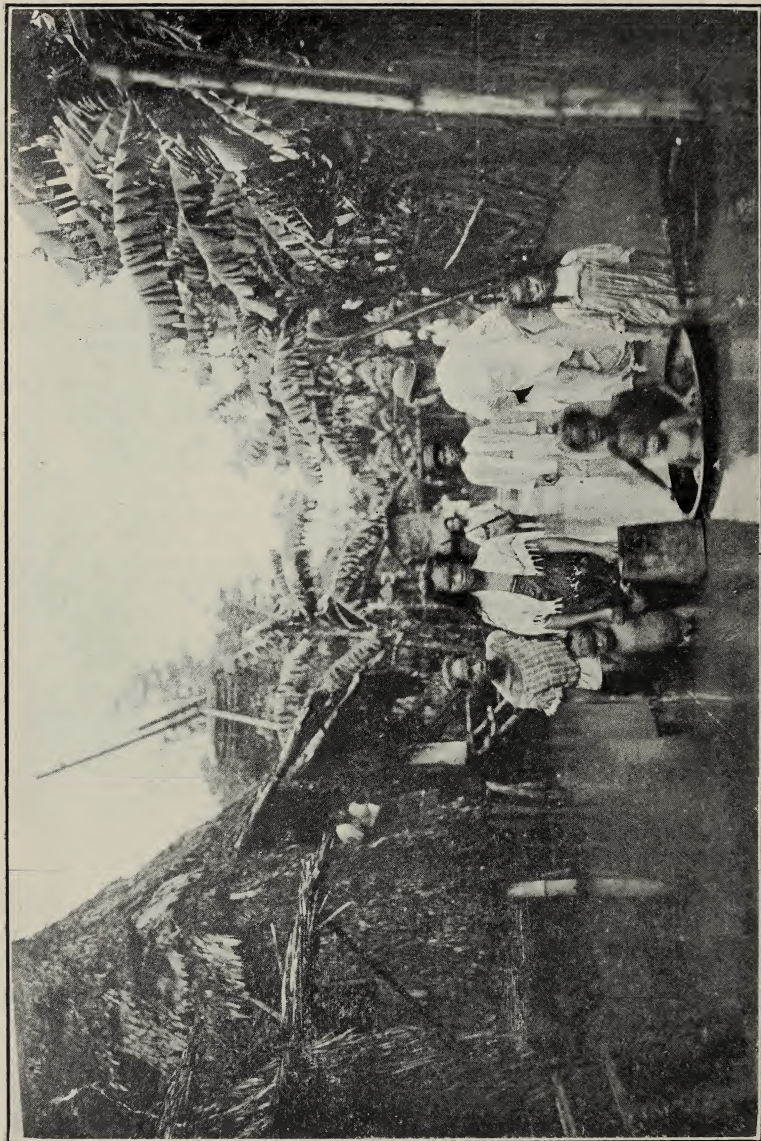
Formerly occupied by Gen. Funston, when capture of Aguinaldo was planned.

Bible Work in San Isidro.

Maxima Paiyual, who was sewing for Mrs. Pursell, always came early enough to be present during family prayers. This was conducted in Spanish and English, the gospel songs always being in Spanish. She requested that a service be held in her house, and on Sunday, July 21, 1901, the first Protestant service ever held in the province of Nueva Ecija, for the Filipinos, was held in Maxima's nipa home, in which her neighbors had gathered at her invitation. At the hour appointed, Marciano took the little organ the Y. M. C. A. of Manila had kindly sent us, upon his shoulder and lead the way, I following with Scripture and song sheets in hand. A Spanish mestiza woman, who had been in Manila and attended Protestant meetings there, assisted, and this was the beginning of services held in homes of the people. Our stay in the province was necessarily lengthened and the last service for natives was held in the Soldier's Reading Room in September, when the Presidente and other officials of the town were present, and the missionary's words were interpreted, first into Spanish by a young man temporarily present from the Presbyterian mission in Manila, next put into Tagalog by the native school teacher. Much of the gospel preaching in the islands at that time thus reached the people through two interpreters.

Before leaving Manila I had packed into my luggage a dozen copies of the Gospels printed in Tagalog. These, the first portions of the Bible in their native tongue ever brought into that province, Marciano, the muchacho, took out into the street and sold in a very few minutes. The Filipinos are a reading people when they have a chance, and the avidity displayed by them throughout the islands to read the Scriptures when obtainable in their own tongue, caused the Bible societies to put forth all possible effort to get the Scriptures into the hands of the people. With the exception of a few gospels in (I think) Pangasinan, all Christian literature for the Filipino people in their many languages had to be translated or written after the islands came into the hands of the American people.

The work in San Isidro grew, and Dr. Norton came up from Manila to spend two weeks. She brought more gospels and two tracts just issued in Tagalog. She gave us much help in our meetings, both among soldiers and natives. Every pleasant day she took this literature out into the streets, where she soon had a crowd around her; there she would sell the gospels at five cents Mex, or two and a half cents our money, and give away the tracts; she also used these occasions to talk to them about Christ and salvation. I well remember that one day on her return from this work she told of a very interesting old couple she had found, to whom she sold one of the gospels and gave them a tract. Those were days of seed-sowing from whence harvests were to come long after we had gone.



Rainy Season in a Philippine Village.

The Spirit of the Lord was moving both among soldiers and natives, though each was separate work. We asked to have help from Manila. Alas, there were no workers to spare!

How we longed for a missionary to be there permanent-ly! Now came the order for Capt. Pursell to remove to another post far away. He had been the means of starting a commodious nipa building to be used for Gospel Hall and Soldier's Reading Room, religious services always to have right of way. We two missionaries determined not to leave this work incomplete. The Captain must obey military orders and go; we believed we were obeying the orders of our Leader and King and, if so, he would prepare the way. We remained. The temporary quarters rented for services and reading room being vacant a portion of the afternoons, I gathered in the children, who gladly came, taught them a little English, taught them gospel hymns in Span'sh, and Scripture texts in Spanish and Tagalog.

This kind of instruction had been going on for a few weeks, and my pupils all around were singing these songs of salvation. We could hear them in their homes and by the way-side; when, one afternoon we saw a carriage at the upper end of the street waiting before one of the houses. Th's carriage stopped at every house, and its occupant made a long call in each place. The next day not one of my pupils appeared. It was the "padre" who had forbidden any of them to come. But his great power was gone. The third day a few came back, and finally about half returned.

The time was hastening on and we must return to Manila, leaving this most promising work unshepherded; so it seemed to us. The Gospel Hall neared completion; our Christian soldiers met, organized a choir for the occasion, and as no minister could be spared to come to

dedicate the building, the missionaries took up the work themselves. The house was paid for beforehand, and Sunday evening, October 21, 1901, we held the opening service, which was wonderfully blessed with the presence of the Spirit of the Lord. The morning of the 23rd, while the waters were rising for the second inundation, annually flooding the country, we went on board the little native steamer for Calumpit, thence to Manila.

"Is our labor lost? Who will take up the work we have had to drop?" were questions in mind as we went swiftly down the river and San Isidro faded from our sight.

God cares for the planting of his Word. I had been in my Michigan home more than a year when, from "World Wide Missions," I read the following written by Rev. A. E. Chenoweth, who was sent to Baliuag, 30 miles from San Isidro, six months after we had left:

Good News. "In San Isidro, Nueva Ecija Province, a man bought one of the gospels printed in his own language. With it he was given a tract. He took them home and he and h's wife read them. The wife told another woman about the new-found treasure. The other woman told her they were 'Protestanta' books; and, said she, 'I am a Protestanta. I went to Protestanta meetings in Manila. Let us have a meeting here.' So the three held a meeting. Then word came that a Protestant missionary was living in Baliuag, thirty miles away." The call to come over and help came to Rev. Chenoweth, and when he did go he found many people—over sixty in one place—eager for gospel instruction and Protestant organization.

And, as I read on, I said, "Thank God! The little mestiza, the Filipino interpreters, the old couple Dr. Norton found, and Maxima, remained when the missionaries were gone, and the Lord has used them in establishing his kingdom."

Rev. Felipe Marquez, a native preacher, has been going up and down through that section of country for two years ministering to the ever-increasing number of adherents to Protestantism. In the islands today, only six years removed from the beginning of true Christian work, over 17,000 native Methodist Christians rejoice in salvation through faith in Christ.



Adown the Sylvan Road.

A Mother's Work Among the Soldier Boys.

Yes, it is strange that a representative of a society devoted exclusively to work among women and girls should find herself so situated as to feel it the Divine will that she devote her time and strength to aid soldiers. But I found my place was there. Sad and strange, also, was the manner in which I was fitted for this service. I had taken a motherless babe into my home and brought him up as though he were my own son. When the Spanish-American war broke out, like thousands of other boys, he was carried away with the excitement, enlisted, went to the Philippines, marched from the ship that carried him over, into the battle of Calocan, and in less than three months from the time he landed, died June 12, 1899, in 2nd Reserve Hospital, Manila. He had not yet reached his 19th birthday. His body rested in Malata cemetery until January, then was sent home, the ship bearing it passing the one taking me to Manila somewhere in mid-Pacific. In a letter from him sent to me when on his way over, were these words, "Mother, I do not know whether I can stand the temptations of army life three years or not."

I read them and bowed in my secret place of prayer in an agony of petition, "O Lord, save Charlie; make the interests of his soul of first importance," and had the assurance that my prayer was heard, though at that time I did not realize that the Heavenly Father must take him to himself before he should be overcome by the evils that ruined thousands.

While all this had nothing to do with my going out as a missionary, it did give me a heart of solicitude and tenderness for the private soldier, and when Bishop Taoburn turned to me and said, "And you, Mrs. Moots, I want you to spend your afternoons among the sick soldiers in the hospitals," he touched a responsive chord in my soul.

Standing in the center of one of those long wards of the 2nd Reserve Hospital, which was a building belonging to one of the religious orders, and for which the United States Government was paying the Roman Catholic Church one thousand dollars gold per month rent, I looked down upon the spot where Charlie passed from earth nine months before. More than a hundred pairs of eyes, looking out from wan, emaciated faces, rested upon me, and this was my introduction to

The Great Pajama Host.

Scores of convalescent soldiers in pajamas, some on crutches, some with arms in slings, some with bandaged heads, were scattered about the deep porches. The spacious corridors were lined

with white iron cots; stately apartments had these cots in long lines four deep, and in nearly every one a sick or wounded American soldier.

The cot standing where my boy breathed out his young life happened to be empty, and as I stood there a mental prayer for help to begin my work went up to the Father above. It was unusual for an American woman, save the nurses, to be in the hospital, there were so few American women in the city.

Turning from that, to me, consecrated spot, I went to the bedside of one whose great blue eyes had rested on me from the moment of my entrance. He was a man from Maine, and all I had to do that morning was to listen as he talked about the old home, and recalled home incidents until he seemed to gather in again the odors from the old Maine pines. Many times my first meeting with my boys would be spent in hearing them talk of home, and it seemed to do them more good than the medicine. Many of the young soldiers died from homesickness, or, as given in medical terms, Nostalgia.

It was but natural for me, whenever I visited that hospital, to find out who might occupy the cot in that place well-nigh sacred to me. Entering, one day after I had had months of experience in this work, I saw a young lad sitting despondently on the side of that cot. The despair depicted in countenance and attitude I have never been able to drive from memory. He had been brought from the southern islands. I approached him, saying, "I believe you are one of my boys whom I have not before seen. I have adopted all the soldier boys under 23 years of age as mine. You did not know you had a mother in the islands, did you?"

I found him a young man of great refinement. He said, "I am glad to see you, for I greatly need mothering." But he could not shake off his despondency. Going to the nurse, who was an Englishwoman of many years' experience, I asked, "Is that a hopeless case?"

Tears sprang to her eyes as she replied, "No, not necessarily, if they would send him home now; but, you know how it goes."

He was sent a trip south on the hospital ship Relief, and many weeks later I found him in Santa Mesa Hospital. At last they were going to send him home. His home-going

Alex. clothes were drawn, and the next morning he was to go on board the transport; but, before the sun rose, Alex had passed away, and it was for me to write to his mother, to which she replied, "It was a boyish whim of Alex, to enlist. His body reached us, and he sleeps in the cemetery beside his four brothers and sisters there, and our family of ten children is reduced to five. Why did they not send him home before?"



“Mother Moots” and “Sister Ruth.”

And I said, scores of times, “O why do they not send them home? It seems nothing in all the world is so cheap as human life.” One great reform in our army would be to put the

medical division perfectly independent of the fighting part. We do not believe that even the highest commanding officer of soldiers in the field should have dictatorial authority over the highest officer on the medical staff. We may well learn from Japan in those matters. This would not remedy all abuses, but would do some good.

Why should the chief officer of the Medical Department, whose duty it is to save life, be compelled to reach the Secretary of War, or the President, through the chief officer of the army, whose province it is to take life?

In April of 1900 Miss Genevieve Cutler (now Hrs. Thornberry) arrived in Manila. A missionary from Penial Mission, she was also made an evangelist by our Methodist "Sister Ruth." society there. The hospitals were so filled that she decided to pursue the same work I was doing, and we went together on this mission. Somehow our boys dropped into the habit of calling her "Sister Ruth" and me "Mother Moots," and as such we worked among the great pajama host for more than a year.

The ultimatum of our every effort was that these soldiers should come to the personal knowledge of the power of Jesus Christ to save them from their sins, and it is surprising how may among both sick and well, we found hungering for someone to instruct them in things pertaining to eternal life. When a soul stands just outside the gates of the eternal world the interests pertaining to this life only shrivel to their proper littleness.

Entering a hospital together, we would each take separate wards, and find such as cared for our help. What life histories were poured into our ears! How much heart-ache there is in the world! Among the many incidents crowding in memory, at this moment, is that one of a patient whose face, bronzed by exposure to the more southern sun, contrasted strongly with the whiteness of his pillow; the iron-gray of his hair showed him to be in advanced middle-life. He knew he had not long to live, though not having that appearance to my inexperienced eyes. As I talked with him, he reached under his pillow in search of his watch, which he failed to find, so requested me to get it. It was one of those old-style large watches; inside the back of it was the picture of a young woman with long light curls. With eager, hungry looks he gazed on that picture, and waves of mental anguish swept over his face. Then he passed it to me, saying, "That is a picture of my wife." He had a daughter only two years younger than his wife. Knowing that he had no strength to write, I said, "Do you not want me to write to her for you?" He replied, "No, not now, but when it is all over, I wish you would write telling

her all about it," and adding in an undertone, as if it were the thought he was not conscious of putting into words, "Then she will know she is free." On my next visit to that hospital that cot was screened in, and I knew the end was near. At the next visit, empty floor space there told me as plainly as the nurse's words that the time had come for me to write. One of the sad parts of our work was the correspondence with friends of our boys in the home-land.

How many a soldier was in the army because he had tried to get away from himself! A patient of extreme refinement and culture, a private soldier, said, "I buried my wife and child in one day, and thought perhaps I could ease that sorrow in active campaigning, so enlisted. I find I cannot, so shall get out as soon as I am able to leave the hospital, for I have influential friends who will procure my discharge." And he did. Passing through a ward where a number were preparing to go on board a transport, homeward bound, I saw a young soldier arranging curios. "Ah," I said, "I guess those are for your sweetheart!" A look of pain passed over his face as he replied, "No, I did have a sweetheart, but she died since I came here." How the boys did like to talk to us of that "best girl in all the world," the sweetheart in the home-land, and I always was glad to find a soldier lad with such a tie to help him to maintain a pure life amid the temptations of his surroundings.

Pain a Great Leveler.

"Yes," said the nurse, "when they have been in here a little while, sick, it is surprising how childlike most of them become, and if they think a nurse pays a little more attention to one than to another, they are much hurt over it."

I had just come from the bedside of a patient in the ward whom I had not spoken to before, as I had passed him in former visits, because, somehow, I felt that he did not want me to. That day as I spoke to him he said, in a reproachful tone, "You have passed me many times, and this is the first time you have spoken to me." After that I ran the risk of rebuff rather than have any sick boy feel neglected. Rebuffs we did meet, and some rather severe, but the cheer we brought to others more than compensated.

Twenty miles inland from Laguna de Bay is a pueblo called San Pablo. Here one company was stationed at a time. So

unhealthful was it that these companies were frequently changed. At one time, I was told, and have no reason to doubt the statement, coming from the source it did, sickness so reduced the able force that out of the entire company but five were fit for duty. As these men sick-

ened, they were taken over 20 miles of road in the ambulance to the hospital in Calamba, a pueblo on the shore of the lake. When Calamba hospital was filled to overflowing, they were put on casks and floated down to Santa Mesa hospital, located on the banks of the Pasig, in Manila.

Of all the living skeletons I have ever seen, none were more emaciated than those boys. I found myself able to pick them out as San Pablo patients by their looks, as I passed through the wards after fresh arrivals. One time without mistake I mentally placed five patients thus, and they were scattered in different wards. No wonder we came to call San Pablo a death-hole.

Divine Power.

Passing through a ward, I glanced at a still form extended on one of the cots, and thought, "there is a man near 40 years of age, and he has just passed away." I turned away instantly and entered the next ward. In a few minutes the hospital steward of that department, who was a Christian, came and said, "Mother Moots, there is a man in there I want you to see," and led me to the bedside of that one I had thought dead. I found him a youth of 18 years of age, a new arrival from San Pablo. No one thought he could live a day, so I could only say a few words, quoting from Scripture, John, 3. 16. The next day as I entered that ward I was surprised to find him still there, and as I spoke of his believing in Christ, he said, "Yes, I do believe in him." He turned his head over to one side, and seeing his lips move, I bent over and caught these words: "O I wish I knew I was saved!" I said, "Can you not trust Jesus for that knowledge?" He lay silent for a moment, then with a vigor of new life, and a new light in his face, he turned his face upward, and with a new strength in his voice said, "I am saved, I am saved!" and a moment later as the Holy Spirit thrilled through his emaciated frame, he added, "I believe I shall get well!" He lived six weeks, a happy, resigned Christian. He would not let me write his mother that he could not be well again, but I could not refrain from writing after finishing from his dictation, "But don't build your hopes too high." He was a mother's only son, and sleeps in the homeland cemetery now. It was my sad duty to return to the writers whatever letters he had in his possession.

But, why multiply incidents? They would fill a volume.

"But did you never have anything but those heart-breaking experiences?" O, yes, some things funny, and episodes of a humbling nature. We were kept from reaching any pinnacle of pride high enough to allow of a fatal fall. Seeing a healthy looking

patient in the hospital one day, I said, "O you will be **Cold Feet.**" going to duty soon, will you not?" Casting his eyes around to see who might be in hearing, he replied, "Not if I know myself, I hiked through the swamps and mountains for Uncle Sam all last rainy season, and I intend he shall take good care of me this season. I mean to have cold feet for the next four months, anyway." ("Cold feet" is the term used in the army to designate those who simulate sickness for the purpose of having an easy time in the hospital). The physicians adopt various ways of effecting cures in such cases. Passing down a ward on the hospital ship Relief, one time I found a soldier in bed who had been up on former visits. "Are you worse?" I said in surprise. "No, Mother," he replied. "I just said to the doctor I rather have a piece of bread than all that soup, and he sent me to bed and will not allow me to get up at all." Evidently the doctor had been trying to cure that case of "cold feet" by a liquid diet, and having failed, put the patient to bed. Three days after as I went on board again, this invalid was going on board a casco with others who were returning to duty. The doctor had won. "We have some dreadful fakes," I have heard the nurses say. It is hard to tell who uses the sharper wit, the fake or the physician who effects the cure.

To enliven these pages one more episode must be recorded. It did not often happen, but there were times when Sister Ruth and I, as we compared notes after a few days of work, had to acknowledge that one or both had been duped. There is before me now a photograph, and the temptation (to which, of course, I shall not yield), is strong to have it engraved and placed in this booklet, underneath inscribed, "The biggest l——, prevaricator in the Philippines." But then there comes up before my mental vision several other faces with reproachful looks, and in imagination I hear them say, "Now, Mother, you have given him the place that belongs to me." This is a fine photograph! Unsolicited, F—— gave it to me. (But I tell you privately, not expecting you will ever repeat it, that I rather he would have paid me back the dollar and a half he borrowed. Perhaps he took that to pay the photographer, though I don't believe it.) "What a sweet, sad face!" the sentimental girls would say. "Such a far-away look of settled sadness, as though some hidden sorrow shadowed his life!" The time came when Sister Ruth and I found that to each he was unfolding this "secret sorrow," and the stories didn't agree. It was a relaxation to us, thereafter, to compare notes in the development of the pathetic narrative.

From a letter received from "Sister Ruth" (Mrs. Thornberry) from Nagasaki, Japan, a few months ago, I quote the following: "The other day Mr. Thornberry and I went out to

visit a transport just in from Manila. Who should I see there but F——! I laughed him in the face, as the old pathetic look spread over his countenance again, and in the old tone we know so well he said, 'I am a better man now than I was.' I wondered if he remembered the time I talked to him so about his sins?"

Evangelistic Work.

It became a necessity for Mrs. Prautch, who had done such wonderful service in the Soldier's Institute, to return to America, hoping thereby to regain health. Bishop Thoburn and Dr. (now Bishop) Warne decided that I would best serve the mission cause by being in the Institute, and here for eight months I found a varied field of mission work. Eternity alone will reveal the good done through the agency of the Soldier's Institute. I never knew a needy soldier turned away; I have known many a one brought in and shielded from harm.

Kneeling with me in the presence of the Almighty, many times have these homesick and sin-sick soldiers wept and prayed for deliverance from grief, and from the gambling habit, from the drink appetite, and other sins. Not every man in the army forgot his mother's God and his own Christian experience as he neared the Philippines. One of these faithful ones was



George Hillman. Battery F, Sixth Artillery.

George Hillman. He was the first young man in the islands to be licensed as an exhorter in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and now is a member of one of the New Jersey conferences.

It was he who took charge of my class-meetings whenever I was out of the city; and he, with Joseph Fulford, and J. Manning, were the original three of that prayer meeting held at night on the sea beach near the Luneta, that grew in numbers and interest until a great Christian work was done.

First the Reading Room of the Soldier's Institute, then the Sailor's Bethel, and also a hall rented for the purpose, was opened for evangelistic services, and a band of Christian soldiers under "Sister Ruth's" leadership held Gospel Meetings for some weeks. The outpouring of the Holy Spirit, as we experienced it in these services, are in our lives, a benediction still.

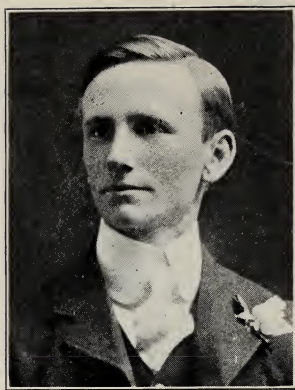
The little Bethel, a little lower than the sidewalk, the entire front open, and during services the walk in front crowded with Filipinos and Chinese looking in on the audience of soldiers, and listening to the gospel songs, was far from beautiful or commodious, but the glory of The Highest was often there.



Carl S. Sather. Co. E, Third Infantry.

One night a young Norwegian, Carl S. Sather, knelt in prayer, and when he arose it was with a new heart, and he went out to live the new life. When his time was out in the army, he was appointed head of the Sailors Home, and his life ever since has been one of trust, and wonderful leadings by the Savior.

Another trophy of these services was one who had gone deep into the gambling sin. He arose from his knees one night a changed man, and has been a humble, faithful Christian ever since.



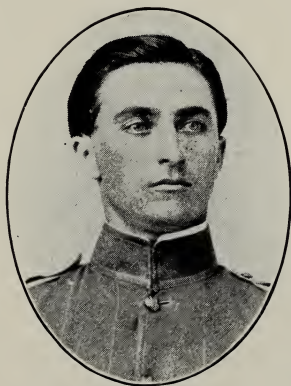
Walter H. Payne. Co. F, Thirteenth Infantry.

In the interior of Luzon, in one of those lonely little barrios, was stationed a company of infantry; hundreds of other companies throughout the islands were similarly situated. There was nothing to break the monotony of waiting to be attacked, or for marching orders, and the usual results following such conditions were growing. One night three of the soldiers, one of whom was Alto V. Jones, walked out under the



A. V. Jones. Co. C, Twenty-Second Infantry.

stars by themselves. All were tired of the life as it was in the barracks, and all hungered for something to satisfy the soul. They made a compact that they would read their Bible every day, together if they could, that they would pray, and do their best to live Christian lives. Not many days after this, as Private Jones was reading his Bible in a retired spot, the witness of the Spirit came to him, and he became a power for good wherever he went. He was one of my class in San Isidro, and one whom it was my joy to see admitted into full church membership later in Manila. When his time of enlistment expired he was sergeant. Wherever he was, he was known as a Christian.



Will Gugin. Co. L, Twenty-Second Infantry.

The Martyr.

It was my custom to invite my soldier boys, two or three at a time, to come and take dinner with me. To sit down to a table laid in order, and have a dinner served properly, was a treat appreciated only by those who have lived for some time as the soldiers had. Other American families in those days extended this sort of kindness also. Christmas day of 1901, one of the four soldiers at my table was William Gugin. He had been a member of my Bible class in San Isidro. His time of enlistment had expired, and he was going into the southern islands under the employ of the American Bible Society. He was enthusiastic over the prospect, and took this way of doing real missionary work. His enthusiasm was not of the demonstrative kind, but one could perceive the deep current of his

purpose could not be turned. When the report of the American Bible Society for the Philippine Islands, for the year 1904, reached me, in it I found the following:

"Shortly after our last report was mailed in Manila, we received the last letter ever written by Mr. Gugin. He was stationed at Tacloban, and was working from that city, as a center, the islands of Leyte and Samar. He had been badly treated in several instances at the instigation of the priests, but had met persecution with kindness and won the regard of all classes. He started from the town of Caragara one day to walk from there over a trail to the town of Jaro. He was never seen again. He had sent his books on ahead, and they were found, but no information could be forced from the men who carried them. Mr. Gugin was a most conscientious and successful messenger of the gospel. It is doubtful if we ever know how he met his death, but of this we feel confident, that he raised a monument here among the Filipino people that will stand to witness for him in the great day of assize."



D. H. Coulter. Battery E, Sixth Artillery.

Taking up another photograph, I look into the face of "My Scotch Laddie." On the back of the picture I read, "To Mrs. Moots, with kindest love and wishes, from D. H. Coulter, who will reways remember the kindly, motherly interest taken in him." "Mother, I am a little discouraged and sad here in this lonely place now. My Bible Class is not well attended, and I had bad news from home in my last letter." Such is the import of one of his letters to me.

A few days later I took the boat for Corrigidor, and from there to Mariveles, the lonely place where his battery was stationed. The event of the each day was the coming of this little steamer, bringing the Doctor from Corrigidor to their little hospital, and about all the soldiers not on duty were down at the dock, David among them. His face lighted up when he saw me, and we walked up the path toward the hospital until out of hearing of the rest, and sat down on the projecting roots of one of the shade-trees. Here he told me of his troubles, and after giving him what motherly counsel I could, we voiced a prayer to Him who hears the weakest when they call. The laddie was comforted, and said he never passed that tree again without stopping, if he possibly could, and sending up a prayer to God.

And so I go on through my journal, and there seems no place to stop.

Other work that came to Miss Cutler and myself was sorting and sending out literature, marking appropriate passages in Testaments which were given to sick soldiers. Much of these supplies came from the Y. M. C. A., but not all. Later from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in the States many boxes of comfort-bags and various things were sent to me, all of which had to be sent, somewhere, where they were especially needed.

The Missionary Not Wanted. "Madam, have you permission to be here?" The tone was harsh, the countenance like a thunder-cloud; and his approaching boot heels clanged on the wooden floor. It was the guard from the prison gate. We had held a service in the prison, and from that I had gone into the prison hospital and was sitting beside a patient. There were many soldiers who hated anything that savored of Christianity; evidently he was one. With exasperating sangfroid I produced the document of which the following is a copy:

"Permission is hereby granted to Mrs. Cornelia Moots to enter the prison to hold Gospel Meetings on Sundays between the hours of 1:00 p. m. and 4:00 p. m. She will also be permitted to enter the prison at any other time that she may desire to visit the sick, or in the interest of prisoners.

"W. C. DALTON,

"Captain 22nd Infantry, Commanding."

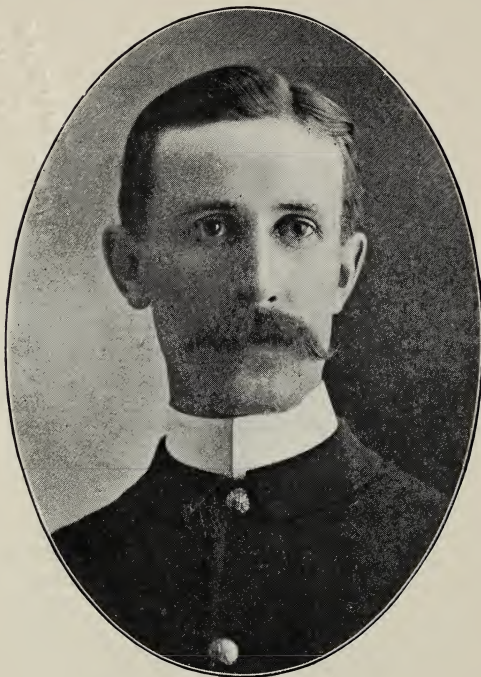
The guard read it, and I said, "Is that satisfactory?"

How different the tone and mien as he answered, "Perfectly," and meekly stole away.

It was a wild night, for a typhoon was raging. It was a night for the regular meeting of my Bible Class in the Institute.

Chains Broken. Corporal Cook was the only one who came. Turning to the back of his photograph I read, in his own

handwriting, "Born from above Sept. 27, 1899." His testimony in our meetings had always been given with a pathos and unction that touched all who heard. This stormy night



Corporal John H. Cook. Co. H, Twentieth Infantry.

he told me the story of his conversion. Looking upon his illumined face, I thought he must have exaggerated in the account given of his early dissipation, and not until it was confirmed by the testimony of comrades did I credit it. He was a periodical drinker, had contracted the appetite for vino, and was a terror when under its influence. In his last drinking bout he had gotten hold of a gun and started out to hunt for and "shoot Aguinaldo." It took four soldiers to conquer him, and at that they had to knock him senseless before they could get him to the guardhouse. Does any one think a man like that never thinks of or desires a better life? They do, and pitiful are the struggles, unknown, perhaps, to anyone but themselves, they make to break the chains of appetite. Given up by the one a young man holds dearest in all the world except his mother, and

alienated from all his friends, save an old auntie in the south-land, who from the banks of the Mississippi never forgot to pray for his conversion, he had tried many times to reform, and was not able. Now, in the guardhouse, sore, sad, despairing, he opened a Testament he had in hand, and he told how he came to have that sacred book with him. Now, as near his own words as memory gives, the rest shall be told. He said: "I sat on the edge of a bunk in the guard-house, a whiskey-bottle standing on the floor between my feet with a lighted candle in its mouth. Bending over for better light, I opened the Book to the 7th chapter of Matthew and began to read. I read on to the 7th verse, and then read in that, 'Ask and ye shall receive, seek—' but I could not go on; something took me back at every attempt to that first clause, until, like a voice to my soul the words came, 'You have been trying in your own strength, now ask, ask.' My faith took hold on the Eternal, and such floods of glory surged through my entire being that I fell back in an ecstasy of rapture that lasted, I know not how long, but more than two hours, because a new guard had just been put on as this happened, and another was on duty when next I knew. Ever since I have been a new man. My heart goes out in pity for the sinning, and instead of hating these native people as I did before, even as I pass along the streets my soul is burdened with an unutterable desire for their salvation." Verily the lion had been changed to the lamb. The last time I saw him was in Corrigidor Hospital, where he was awaiting transportation home. Sadness was an undertone of the words as he said, "I can never hope to be well; the old life has injured the body, but God has made me a new man in soul." This picture of him was taken soon after he landed in America, and in the mutation of life, "Mother Moots" has lost track of him.

Tense excitement characterized a little group of our boys gathered in one corner of the room after an evening service in the Soldier's Institute. Finally they approached me and C—— T——, who won great renown and governmental recognition for bravery at the siege of Pekin, acted as spokesman. He said: "Mother, was Sergt. —— rude to you today when you were down to the Cuartel?" "Never mind anything about that, for I do not care," I replied. "Well," said he, "one of the boys told us so, and we want to know if it is true. We will make it hot for him." I fear they did. While a sergeant can make the men quite happy or miserable, his men can also do the same for him, and our Christian soldier boys were loyal to their Mother and Sister Missionaries.

In this great field of work, "Sister" and "Mother" visited places outside Manila. A trip to Dagupan in May of 1900 was one of interest. The wrecks of war, ruined buildings, broken

bridges, wrecked cars in the beds of streams, and squads of soldiers on their lonely duty at every important point, gave us an idea of what the outposts were. In the Y. M. C. A. tent of Dagupan we held a meeting, where the unseen but felt presence of the powers of good and evil in contention for mastery was the most perceptible of any in all my evangelistic experience.

Noble women of the Missionary Society, have we given you an idea of our work in the Philippines? It is only a little of its outline.

With an incident of outpost duty we close:

The many months spent without woman's society, the dearth of occupation in the between-times of a soldier's life, the isolation of the outposts, make your boy, who was so easy and graceful in home society, timid and awkward in the presence of women.

Two soldiers were guarding an outpost. A cot was there, on which the one off duty was reclining. He told me this incident. Suddenly a caromata in which were two American women was before them. He said, "Where they came from or how they got there I know not. I raised myself up on my elbow, but had not wit enough to get up. My mouth dropped open. They asked, 'Is this the road to ——?' We stammered out 'y-y-yes, sir,' and I believe they were three miles away before I got my mouth shut."

The work of the Pioneer Americans is done, and often "Mother Moots" sits in the gloaming wondering how many of her loved little brown Filipina sisters, how many of her dear soldier boys, she will meet in the "Home Beautiful" in the Father's house above.

THE END.



The Outpost.

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